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THE AUTHORS, EN ROUTE.

Charles H. Hills, and
Lillian S. Hills.

MONTREAL BY WAY OF CHAZY

AND

Down the St. Lawrence River to Quebec.

BY

ALLAN ERIC

AND

THE "JUNIOR PARTNER."

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Authors of: — "Buckra" Land, A Vacation Tour Awheel, Following the Tow-Path and Through the Adirondacks Awheel, The Comic History of Spain, Two Years a Castaway on a Tropical Island, Etc., Etc.

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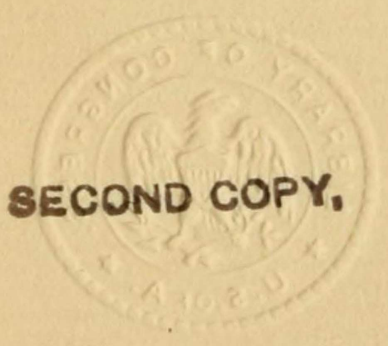

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MONTREAL BY WAY OF CHAZY

AND

Down the St. Lawrence River to Quebec.

CHAPTER I.

Such an extended trip, embracing something like fifteen hundred miles, could not be accomplished wholly on bicycles, in the time at our disposal. But when we were seated comfortably in a luxurious parlor car and the train on the Fitchburg railroad pulled out of the Union Station, in Boston, our wheels, luggage and full equipment were in the baggage car ahead.

Although we had several times ridden over the Fitchburg road on that splendidly appointed express, it is always new, always delightful, ever replete with rare enjoyment such as luxurious equipment, courteous officials and rare scenery combined, can afford. The time passed pleasantly, with an agreeable traveling companion, as the train sped on over the length of the State of Massachusetts, past fertile farms, beautiful valleys and over rushing streams, making few stops until we were within the shadow of the Hoosac Mountains; and then we began to anticipate that al-

ways interesting experience, the passage through the famed Hoosac Tunnel, which, for travelers, renders this line particularly attractive; for there is a novelty in shooting through a tunnel, miles in length, of which one never wearies.

A sudden exit from the bright light of day, a prolonged roar, a sudden flash and the train shot into the bright sunlight of the perfect July day; and we realized that we had passed under the mountains that towered thousands of feet above us. Then on to the northwest corner of the state, across a bit of Vermont, roaring over streams above which darted great northern king-fishers, and the train stopped at Hoosic Junction, a romantic spot in the State of New York. Here we disembarked, and made haste to strap the luggage, the camera and the large foot-pump upon the wheels, while an interested audience gathered around. We formed a unique caravan, no doubt, for anyone could see that we were equipped for a journey, and it is not often that bicycles are seen in such touring equipment. The case containing extra clothing, photographic plates and some other articles was forwarded by express to Burlington, Vt., where we expected to require it.

We were bound for Eagle Bridge, only two miles distant, where we were to embark on another railroad for Fairhaven, Vt., for, having on a previous trip ridden on our wheels over this route, we preferred not to go over it a second time; therefore we proposed to make Fairhaven, near the head of Lake Champlain, that night. But although Eagle Bridge was but two miles away, we were obliged to ride back, eastward.

about two miles, in order to cross the river; so we had really more than four miles to ride in reaching Eagle Bridge. While the road had been rendered rough by recent rains, there had been sufficient teaming over it to make a fair path in the wheel track, and we were not long in reaching Eagle Bridge.

Going up to the railroad station we found that we had two hours to wait for a train on the other road; but the time did not prove monotonous, as the officials about the station made things very pleasant for us.

When at last the train arrived we went aboard in a smart shower, during which the wheels received a little wetting, all because the baggage master neglected to place them in proper shelter, thinking, probably, that they were wheelbarrows or some such delicate machines, instead of pieces of finely constructed mechanism.

Instead of starting on time, we had a tedious wait which was very annoying to us, as we had to ride over the road, eight miles, from Poultney, whither we were bound by rail, to Fairhaven, and, not knowing what the condition of the roads might be, we naturally wished to go over them before dark; and every minute lost might mean an hour of stumbling along through the dark with our heavily-loaded wheels. While the fireman and the engineer smoked and took things easy, we consulted the time-table of this particular road, from which is taken the following quotation, by which it will be seen the road lets itself down very easy: "Showing the time at which trains may be expected to arrive at and depart from the

several stations, but their arrival or departure at the time stated is not guaranteed, nor does the company hold itself liable for any delay or any consequences arising therefrom."

But there is always an end to all things, and so at length, the train started, and at once set about making up lost time. The car was light and the speed being terrific, we were snapped around curves until our necks were full of "cricks," our backs were nearly broken and our heads ached That ride can only be compared to a ride in a farm wagon, without springs, drawn by a pair of horses at full gallop over a very poor corduroy road.

The train stopped frequently to let passengers on and off, and probably to leave the mail. At each station large delegations were present to see the train come in and to shake hands, kiss and talk to one another, while the train waited for them to do it—it almost seemed to us. The amiable conductor, a veteran of the road, seemed to know everybody who got aboard, all up through that country, and greeted them as old acquaintances. Between some of the stations he came and talked to us about the people along the way which explained the familiar greetings between him and local denizens as the train pulled in and out of stations. He knew who lived in nearly every farm-house beside the line, and was posted with regard to family details. But he couldn't help that. A man who has been passing over the same route for two or three decades, must, of necessity, know something about the people. He even claimed to know the pedigrees of most of

the hens in the farmyards, and related to us how he had once partaken of a fowl at a farmer's table, whose house he pointed out as we jogged past, but he stated that he had too much respect for old age to ever repeat the experiment.

Meanwhile the engineer had been making up time, so we were only a few minutes late in reaching Poultney. We made haste to secure our wheels, which, by the way, were thrown from the baggage car as though they had been pig-iron, time being very precious (vide., the quotation from the time-table). Hastily securing the baggage we started for Fairhaven. Delighted, beyond measure, to find the road excellent, the eight miles' ride was a superb spin. The sun being set, the air was cool, and we glided by quiet pastoral scenes, while fire-flies danced over the meadows and across the road.

Just at dark the lights of Fairhaven glimmered ahead, and presently we dismounted in front of "The Cottage," where a fair figure clad in white tripped down the path to greet us. In spite of our late arrival, thanks to a telegram which I had sent from Eagle Bridge and to the thoughtfulness of the landlord, an acceptable supper awaited us and the landlord and his wife sat with us at the table while we ate and conversed, reminiscently.

CHAPTER II.

We did not hurry about setting out the next morning for the reason that we intended to go only to Larrabee's Point, a little place on Lake Champlain, opposite Ticonderoga, which, we had every reason to expect from our experience the summer previous, would be a very easy run. We were looking forward with much pleasant anticipation to meeting again our friends at Larrabee's, also to making a brief call at a farm-house on the way where we had been so hospitably entertained at dinner on our former tour.

It was a perfect morning overhead, and we left Fairhaven with every expectation of having a delightful ride. But alas; this life is replete with surprises and disappointments, as well as pleasures. For perhaps a couple of miles we rode along very comfortably; but then we struck some rough road. This did not alarm us, however for we believed it would be only temporary. While walking up a small hill a party of young men and ladies on wheels, in faultless costumes, overtook and passed us; but it was not long before it was demonstrated that riders who go out for an occasional "spin" do not hold out against seasoned tourists, for we presently passed them at rest beneath some trees beside the road as we flew by. while we navigated our heavily-loaded wheels

Picture missing May 8/1917

over the rough road. The further we proceeded the more walking we did, until we ceased to ride altogether. Our surprise and disappointment were great, as the road continued to stretch ahead of us, entirely unridable; this road, which we had found so perfect a year ago. The explanation of it was that, two or three days previous, there had been heavy rains, and the soil being clayey, the teams passing over it while the surface was soft had broken up the surface, and the clay mud having dried, the result was the roughest and the most utterly unridable road that we had ever seen; a continuous stretch of sharp projections, almost as hard as flint, over which we walked with great effort. Mile after mile we walked, making very slow progress, hoping against hope that there would be an end to it. But no. We stopped once or twice to refresh ourselves with wild raspberries, and once for a drink of cold water from a mountain stream. Our progress was so slow that we lost all idea of our location, and we were getting desperately hungry. We kept looking for the farm-house where we wished to call and renew old acquaintance, but it did not appear. Finally we concluded that we must have, in some way, left the right road; and so we lifted our wheels over the fence and struck across a field toward a house on the other road, which ran to the right of us, only more to the east than the one we were traversing. At this house we made inquiries that resulted in no satisfaction, and after the farmer and his robust family, who were sitting on the veranda digesting their recent dinner, had favored us with a pitcher of ice-water—

and we were surprised to find ice at a farm-house —we went on, taking a near-by cross road back to the road we had left. We walked on, silently, doggedly, well nigh discouraged; for, if this condition continued, there was no hope of reaching Larrabee's that day, or even the next. While ascending a long hill we fully decided that further effort was useless, for we were very tired and nearly famished. At the top of the hill we saw a farm-house, and hurried to it with the hope that we could obtain something to eat; but to our great disappointment it proved to be deserted. Here the Junior Partner said that she could go no further, and to me the outlook appeared hopeless. Leaving her on the veranda of the deserted house I walked on a few rods to where I could see down the other side of the hill, hoping to discover another house not far away; but there was none, only an interminable road, rough and unridable, stretching on and on. It was now nearly the middle of the afternoon. Going down into a field where some men were at work, I got some water in half a cocoanut shell and carried it to the Junior Partner. Slightly refreshed, we retraced our steps about half a mile to a road we had passed, leading to the westward, to Benson, near the lake. If we could reach there we felt sure of getting something to eat, and hoped to find some transportation up the lake. As we reached the junction of the roads we saw, coming toward us, a team heavily loaded with lumber. There were two men with it, and we anxiously waited to see if they were going toward Benson, and a great load was lifted from us when the team turned

into the road and the men readily consented to take us and our wheels to Benson. So the Junior Partner was given a seat beside the driver, while I rode on the top of the load, steadying the wheels.

Thus we rode into Benson, and, oblivious to the curious stares of the villagers, got off at the hotel. To the landlord I made known our situation, and asked that he furnish us with something to eat. It was far past the dinner hour and he did not enthuse over the proposition; but I told him that we must have something to eat, and that there could be no ifs or ands about it, whereupon he called his wife, and we sat down to a very indifferent meal at a good, round price. However, it was better than nothing.

While at the table we discussed with the landlord concerning the means of getting to Larrabee's. There was no steamer, and it did not appear very certain that we could reach the ferry, about four miles away, catch the sail ferry boat and get across the lake in season to get a train on the other side. In the course of conversation we mentioned going to Larrabee's by team, and I asked the landlord what he would charge to take us and our wheels there. He named a price which seemed reasonable, and to it we agreed. Almost as soon as we had finished dinner a team, consisting of a pair of horses and a beach wagon, was ready, and with the wheels in behind us, we started. To our surprise the driver turned in the opposite direction from Larrabee's, and the Junior Partner mentioned it to him. He was greatly surprised, for he had been ordered to take us to

the ferry. So we turned around and returned to the hotel, had a few words with the blundering landlord, made a new price, a dollar more, and started again.

We will pass over the ride briefly; though, under any other circumstances and condition of the road, which allowed the horses to proceed at a pace but little faster than a walk, it would have been enjoyable and romantic, as it was, it was not very unpleasant, though several stops were necessary to re-adjust the wheels, and we arrived at Larrabee's, driving up to "The Locusts" just about sunset.

The welcome which we received after our gloomy day from the Doctor, the "Pilot" and from "Jack," made us forget our trials. Nor shall we ever forget that first evening at that delightful retreat close to the lake—and we, the Doctor and I, smoked, and smoked, and smoked, until a late hour, our smoke-talk being occasionally broken, however, by the congenial society of the ladies; for, be it here known, the "Pilot," "Jack" and the Junior Partner were all of the fair sex.

CHAPTER III.

Our friends, we learned, had no idea of allowing us to go on the next day; on the contrary, they had laid plans for our entertainment and pleasure, no less than a voyage down (no, up) the lake on the Doctor's steam-yacht "Refuge." Now about going "up" the lake. I never could get Lake Champlain straightened out in my mind, because one naturally associates south with "down," and north with "up;" but as the head of Lake Champlain is to the south, and the foot, where it empties its waters through the Richelieu river in the St. Lawrence, is to the north, when you go up the lake you go down, and when you go down the lake you go up—up south and down north sounds funny, but the lake is wholly to blame.

The Doctor said something about calling us in the morning. But that wasn't necessary, for I got up half a dozen times in the night and looked out of the window to see if we were to have a fine day, and so I was awake about as early as the Doctor was.

The Doctor, with the aid of his big, handsome dog "Don," his inseparable companion, had got the curtains of the "Refuge" snugly stowed, and she lay at her anchorage as jauntily as a duck. The morning was beautiful and the lake, sparkling in the bright sunlight, reflected the shadows of the magnificent locust trees on the lawn at the water's edge—not forgetting the cork tree.

The Doctor appeared at the breakfast table clad for a long voyage. The Pilot and the Junior Partner were in good spirits, and Jack was as sweet as the pinks that blushed on the lawn.

To add to the pleasure of the day, there had been invited three young ladies and a gentleman, all of whom appeared in good time. During the embarkation of the stores, Jack assisted the Doctor, and rambled about from one rocking boat to another as though they were solid rocks. A thorough boatman is Jack. Meanwhile Don got terribly excited for fear that he was not down upon the ship's papers for the day's voyage; and I fully believe that it would have broken his heart if he had been left behind. He obediently lay upon the lawn, at the Doctor's command, until the stores were aboard, and the ladies. But then he could no longer endure the strain, for he rushed down to the landing, barking joyously, and was transported to the Refuge. Then he was supremely happy.

All aboard and snugly stored, and Jack lighted the fire under the boiler. In an incredibly short time steam was up and the Doctor, who was chief engineer, started the engine. The Doctor is as skilful an engineer as ever opened a throttle on Lake Champlain. He knows a marine engine from eccentric to crank-pin, and the slightest unusual sound from the engine while it is working attracts his attention and causes him to feel at once for the proper tool with which to set everything right.

The Pilot, who is duly licensed as such, took the wheel, and as the screw began to revolve the

Refuge swung gracefully around and headed for the draw (?) bridge over which the railroad crosses the lake, which is narrow here. The Pilot blew the whistle for the draw to be opened, and then she disturbed the atmosphere with the syren. This syren will bear looking into, as the Doctor said one day as he gazed down its yawning mouth. It gives forth the most unearthly sound that ever cleft a glorious morning in twain. As it bellows out, the torn and tattered sound as it reverberates from headland to headland is like unto a thousand catamounts, and ten thousand Indian devils. When this syren was first imported from Africa it frightened half the population of Vermont out of several years of growth. Now the Pilot has got the blowing of the syren down to a science, as the Doctor said, and when she toys with the rope the demons are let loose, unmuzzled.

Meanwhile the draw swung open. It is a fearful and wonderful draw. When it opens it looks as though half the bridge had broken away and started to float off up the lake. It is moved by means of engines and huge chains that hang suspended beneath the surface of the water, their weight causing them to sag sufficiently to allow the keels of boats and steamers to pass over them. The opening of the draw was wide enough for a cathedral to be towed through, and the Refuge glided through as though she owned the lake, her two yacht club flags fluttering from the peaks, fore and aft.

Meanwhile the Doctor was by the engine, Don stood the port watch, while all the rest, myself

excepted, gathered in the saloon aft and were comfortable and happy. The "Twins" made a lovely picture as they reclined in the stern sheets.

As for me, I was perfectly happy up forward with the Pilot, who pointed out to me all the points of interest on either shore. Among the most interesting objects was the ruin of old Fort Ticonderoga, which stands on a bold, high headland not far from the mouth of the creek which forms the outlet for the waters of Lake George into Lake Champlain.

This historic fortification was erected by Baron Dieskau, the French general, in 1755, and it was somewhat enlarged in 1757, when it was occupied by Montcalm, who marched thence to attack Fort William Henry. Fort Ticonderoga and the immediate vicinity was the scene of many bloody conflicts between the French and English. On the morning of the 10th of May, 1775, the fort was surrendered to Gen. Ethan Allen, who demanded its capitulation "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." In 1777 General Burgoyne, with 7,500 British soldiers, laid siege to the fort, from Mt. Defiance, from which latter point they were able to drop shot over into the fort, and it was abandoned on the night of July 4th. After the capture of Burgoyne at Saratoga the British retired into Canada, but in 1780 the old fort was again occupied by the troops under General Haldiman. Referring to the ruins of today—the old battery on the bluff is said to have been the original Carillon. Back on the higher ground are the barrack walls, trenches and bastions. On the west, beyond the outlet of Lake

George, is Mt. Defiance. Opposite the fort at the southeast, the lake is narrowed down by Mt. Independence, which was also fortified while St. Clair held command during the siege. The lake here turns toward the north, the water washing three sides of the promontory. Across the locust-covered flat, just north of the ruins, from a point near the draw-bridge, lay Ethan Allen's route in 1775.

Whitehall, at the extreme end of the lake, our destination, is about twenty-three miles south of Fort Ticonderoga. Under the skilful guidance of the Pilot, with the Doctor in the engine room, and with Don keeping a sharp lookout ahead and on either side, the swift craft flew through the water, threaded narrow channels, along lovely shores, past bold headlands and high cliffs—a perfect panorama of lovely scenery. On the west shore is the State of New York with the Adirondacks looming up in the distance, while on the east shore is Vermont. We frequently passed lighthouses and beacons, every one of which was familiar to the Pilot, who, while she manipulated the wheel, acted the part of a charming hostess. Sounds of frequent disturbances, interspersed with singing and laughter, came from the cabin aft; but as for the Pilot and myself we were simply glad that the rest of the party were enjoying themselves.

We met several small steam launches that, as they passed, were tossed like corks on the sea kicked up by the Refuge as she bowled along, as craft of lesser size are rocked by a passing Cunarder. Each craft was saluted with the syren, to which Don invariably contributed his stentorian voice.

Meantime the stores were broken out and we enjoyed a bountiful repast; and as the eatables rapidly disappeared the Doctor couldn't seem to understand why the yacht was not thereby lightened, why she did not draw less water just as she did when the coal was used from the bunkers. But I trust that he will fathom the mystery, clearly, and to his own satisfaction.

As we neared Whitehall, we met a long line of canal boats, clumsy looking craft, tied two abreast, in tow of a tug-boat with a funnel as high as the chimney of a sawmill. Curious looking, unkempt, unshaven characters, one sees on the canal boats, and the women who live thereon are not exactly examples of feminine loveliness. Yet who knows but what some of them may have seen better days?

For much of the way below Larrabee's the lake is very narrow, and winds along like a river. Rounding a point we steamed up to a wharf at Whitehall, and disembarked. The entire company, the Pilot excepted, went up town with various objects in view. The Junior Partner and I looked about for objects of interest, which we found principally in the Champlain Canal, which leaves the lake at this point and furnishes direct water communication with New York, by way of West Troy and the Hudson river. We watched the interesting process of locking the boats from the level of the lake up to the highest level of the canal, and it is wonderful how quickly a heavily loaded boat is lifted many feet. The process is the same as on the Erie Canal, but the locks here are much smaller.

Just as the Junior Partner and I reached the Refuge on our return, a drenching shower of rain came on, and I made haste to lower the curtains. One by one, as the rain ceased, the other members of the party came aboard, including the Doctor, who carried a great coil of rope. In view of the fact that I had never noticed anything especially peculiar about the Doctor, and because there was a determined look in his eye as he approached, I was not a little startled for a moment; but we soon learned that the rope was intended for the anchor.

Steam was soon up, the lines were cast off while I hoisted the flag to the fore-peak, and the Refuge swung around and we started on the return trip.

Whitehall is a quaint looking town. It lies partly in a valley and partly sprawled over a rugged mountain side in a succession of terraces. It was formerly called by the beautiful and euphonious name of Skeensborough, after Col. Philip Skeen, who accompanied Abercrombie in 1758. Viewed from a little distance, it looks like a deserted cave-dwellers' village.

The sun sank in a blaze of glory beyond the Adirondacks as we steamed northward, bathing the verdure in purple radiance, and crowning the loftiest peaks with diadems of gold. As the last slanting beams fell upon the water the lake was transformed into a winding ribbon of glorious, luminous colors, and the stretches of water-grass along the shores appeared like purple mists resting upon the divine coloring.

Now the keepers of the lights were seen going

out to them, ascending the towers to the lanterns, and lighting the lamps for the guidance of lake navigators. As the sun settled behind the mountains and the twilight deepened the shores seemed enveloped in a blue mist, which was followed by darkness.

We made one brief landing, when all hands were glad to go ashore near a pretty abode on the steep bluff.

From here on the shores were only dimly visible. Lights here and there gleamed among the trees, and the stars shone clear, overhead. There was no sound, save an indistinct murmuring from the shore—save that caused by the quick pulsation of the engine and the gurgle of the water at the bows and stern.

The other members of the party, aft, sang a few snatches of song, and the Twins were still good-natured. The Doctor joined in some of the songs, and, from my position in the bow beside the Pilot I could now and then see his face when the furnace door was swung open to receive shovelfuls of coal.

The Pilot guided the yacht by means of points, headlands, bends and the lights along the way, until, suddenly, she put the helm hard over and steered to what seemed to me to be an impenetrable wall of blackness; but in a few minutes there appeared a rift in the mountains, we glided through the "Narrows" and ahead appeared the lights on the draw-bridge, which swung open in response to the whistle. Then she steered for the lights on shore at Larrabee's, and then the engine was slowed down that the mooring buoy might be

picked up. The Doctor ordered me to look ahead for it, and I soon saw it; but the yacht swung away and I was unable to make fast to it. So the gentleman aft who had had things his own way all day, got into the tender, came around to the bows, where I went over the side into the tender with the line, and as he pulled toward the buoy with the Refuge in tow, I reached the buoy and made fast.

Then all disembarked and were rowed ashore. Jack, meanwhile, rambling around over the surface of the water, like a sprite.

It was ten o'clock, but thanks to the good soul who remained at the house and had been watching for us, a dainty supper was ready when we arrived.

I returned to the Refuge with the Doctor to assist him in fastening down the curtains, making the yacht snug. Later I went up across the field with Jack, for some milk, when she nearly ran me off a trestle which spanned a ditch across the path. After that we sat on the veranda and enjoyed the cool air, the ladies talked and the Doctor and I smoked.

All of a sudden a strange uncanny light of strange effulgence seemed to envelop us.

"In the name of the spirit of the Great Ethan Allen, Doctor," said I, "what's that?"

"Don't know," replied the Doctor.

"Daylight!" gasped the Pilot.

"Take your word for it, Pilot," said I, "never saw anything like it before."

So we each and severally said "good morning and au revoir," and retired, temporarily.

CHAPTER IV.

The dew had all evaporated from the Doctor's haystack when we assembled around the breakfast table later that morning; and soon after the morning meal we went up to the big house on the hill, whither we had been invited by our compagnons de voyage of yesterday. What a fine mansion it was, with its broad, vine-covered veranda. We ascended to the roof from which there was a superb view of the surrounding country and the lake. Then, in the spacious drawing-room there was music, piano and vocal, by the young ladies and the Doctor—a beautiful and fitting finale to our pleasant associations.

Even Don entered into the spirit of the occasion, but the Doctor told him that his voice was too inflexible, and chased the old dog out.

Never was there a pleasanter hour spent, and after taking photographs of the party grouped on the steps of the veranda, we said "good-by," and returned to "The Locusts."

The time of parting had come, and we watched for the smoke of the big steamer "Vermont" to appear around the point whereon stands the ruin of the old fort—with regret, for we must soon turn our backs to that charming abode by the lake shore, with its gracious hospitality; but we had comfort in the thought that we should carry away memories such as endure forever.

While we waited we secured a few photo-

graph, one of the Refuge as she lay at her moor ing; and then the great Vermont came thundering up through the draw. We knew that it would be folly to try to ride to the foot of the lake—down north—on our wheels, hence our determination to embark on the steamer.

Jack and the Doctor accompanied us to the landing, and as we went aboard the Doctor introduced us to Captain Arbuckle, who greeted us kindly; and as we swung away we waved to those on the wharf, and to the Pilot who remained on the veranda; and we love to think of that last glance, as the steamer circled out into the broad lake, which revealed her sitting so patiently beneath the locust trees, with the flowers on the lawn in front, waving her handkerchief to us in token of—not farewell, nor yet good-bye—but only au revoir.

Lake Champlain was known to the Indians as Cani-adere-quarante, meaning "this is the gate of the country." Samuel de Champlain was the first white man to see the lake, when, in 1609, he accompanied a party of Canadians on a hunting expedition toward the south. Subsequently the lake was named for Champlain, though it was for a time, known as Mere les Iroquois. On the east side of the lake is Vermont, sweeping away in a broad plain which gradually ascends to the ridge of the Green Mountains. Along the southern and central portions of the lake the rocky western shores come abruptly to the water's edge. Westward, rising ridge on ridge, the highest, misty in the distance, are the Adirondack Mountains. Further north the mountains fall away and a level

country is presented. The lake's greatest width, which is near the outlet of Ausable river, is twelve and one-half miles. Measuring north, from Whitehall into Missisquoi Bay, which extends into Canada, its extreme length is 118 miles. Its elevation above tide-water is ninety-nine feet and its greatest depth is 399 feet.

The steamer Vermont is a magnificent craft splendidly appointed, with spacious saloons and promenades, luxurious cabins and handsome staterooms; and a voyage on board the great boat on this broad inland sea is one of the finest experiences the world can afford. The Vermont has two towering smokestacks, and her two great boilers are located on the main deck, one on the port and one on the starboard side—amidships; and she burns pea coal. The engine is a ponderous affair, and, through the courtesy of the chief engineer, we made a thorough inspection of it. The passengers on the Vermont are pleasantly impressed with the freedom which they enjoy, and with the unobtrusiveness, yet easy courtesy of every person employed on the boat. When I remarked this to Capt. Arbuckle, in the course of a chat with him, he said: "I will have it no other way on a boat which I command. I want passengers to feel at home;" and Capt. Arbuckle means what he says, and if I am a judge of character, he never says anything which he does not mean.

We took things very easily, enjoying the superb scenery on either shore, especially the bold, beetling cliffs on the New York side. The steamer made various landings during the afternoon. Six miles north of Crown Point are the ruins of the

fort, famous in Revolutionary history. The lake is here narrowed down by the approach of land extending from the west, on which the ruins stand. Chimney Point approaches from the east side. Beyond the lighthouse, at the narrowest place in the passage, are the scarcely visible ruins of Fort St. Frederick, built by the French in 1731. Crown Point Fort, standing over toward the west, was commenced by Amherst in 1759. The extensive earthworks, and the walls of the barracks, are still in a good state of preservation. Port Henry, two miles to the northwest, is exceedingly picturesque. Calamity Point is about two miles north of Westport; and here the steamer Champlain was wrecked in 1875, while running north on her regular night trip. Split Rock Mountain extends along the west shore, terminating in a sharp point eight miles north of Westport. In the uncertain record of old Indian treaties, it is claimed that this rock marked the boundary line between the tribes of the St. Lawrence and those of the Mohawk Valley. Otter Creek enters the lake from the east, a little over five miles north of Westport. It is navigable to Vergennes. Fort Cassin stood at the mouth of Otter Creek, and bits of the ruins are now visible. In this creek a portion of the American squadron was fitted out in 1812. which, under Commodore McDonough, defeated the British fleet under Commodore Downie, in September of that year. Four miles north of Essex Landing is the mouth of Boquet river, navigable about a mile, which was the rendezvous of Burgoyne's flotilla in the advance on Ticonderoga in 1777; and in 1812 it was entered by the British

vessels in the attack upon Willsborough. Near the middle of the lake near Willsborough Point are the islands known as "The Four Brothers," where occurred the running engagement between Benedict Arnold and Captain Pringle, in 1776. in which the British were the victors.

After leaving Essex Landing the boat passed out into the broad lake, gradually nearing the Vermont shore and approaching Burlington. Inland are the two highest peaks of the Green Mountains, Mt. Mansfield, 4,360 feet high, and Camel's Hump, known to the French as Leon Couchant. The longest stop was made at Burlington, which was interesting to us principally because it is said to be the most beautiful city in Vermont, and because that, near here, is located Fort Ethan Allen, named after the hero of Ticonderoga. Colchester Point reaches half-way across the lake north of Burlington, and further west is Colchester Reef, the outermost rock of which is surmounted by a tower showing a red light We called at Port Kent, ten miles north of Burlington, and then, six miles beyond passed Valcour Island, near which occurred the first naval battle of the Revolution, October 11, 1776. The hotel where President McKinley stayed during his sojourn at Lake Champlain, stands on a bold headland which puts out from the west shore just north of Valcour Island.

While in what is known as the "brood lake," we had one of the experiences of an ocean voyage —for the waters of the great lake stretched away to the horizon, and no land was in sight ahead. As we neared Plattsburg, our destination, we ran

into a heavy squall, which raised a sizable sea and covered the lake with white-caps. For a few minutes there was a pouring rain, and then, as the squall passed over, a gorgeous rainbow hung over the Vermont shore.

Passing in by the break-water with its light-house, we landed at Plattsburg, and disembarked with our wheels, going directly to our hotel. Plattsburg is in New York. The first settler in this region was Count Charles de Fredenburgh, a captain of the British army. After the Revolution the land was granted, in 1784, to Zephaniah Platt and others, and incorporated into the town of Plattsburg in 1785. Here, in the lake, occurred a great naval battle, in 1814.

That evening, after supper, we walked around the old town, and presented letters of introduction that the Doctor and Jack had kindly given us, and which were of great service to us in connection with our trip further north; and we enjoyed the superb twilight as we returned to the hotel.

In the morning we mounted our wheels and rode out to the barracks, a regular United States Army post, about a mile south of Plattsburg, where there are some fine buildings and extensive, well-kept grounds. At the time of our visit troops were being recruited there for service in the Philippines.

Returning to the hotel, the luggage was fastened upon the bicycles, and mounting, we wheeled away toward the Canadian frontier.

CHAPTER V.

We had, the evening before, made inquiries concerning the best route to take from Plattsburg to Rouse's Point, and, in each instance, we were advised, even urged to go by way of Chazy. The gentleman to whom we had a letter of introduction said, "You had better go by way of Chazy." A wheelman whom we accosted replied, "Be sure to go by way of Chazy, for you will find the best road that way"; and so, all the way, the breeze which blew from the northwest seemed to say, "Chazy, Chazy"; and the swaying boughs of the trees sighed, "Cha-zy, Ch-a-z-y." We could not miss the road, for nearly every sign board read—"To Chazy."

For the first two miles or so out of Plattsburg we went over a fine macadam road, which afforded us some charming glimpses of the lake; then, turning due north we found a good loam road, which allowed us to wheel at a good pace, and notwithstanding that there was a strong wind blowing, it came from a point nearly at right angles to our course, so it did not materially impede our progress.

The country was not particularly interesting, being rolling, not very profusely wooded and fairly well cultivated.

At one house we stopped for water, and there

being none in the house I volunteered to take the tin pail and get some from the well. While clambering over a pole fence with the pail of water, one of the poles slipped and down I went, on top of the pail. The result was that I was pretty well soaked, the contents of my pockets were strewn around and the pail was badly bent.

We found wild raspberries plentiful and with fine, cool, bracing air we enjoyed the run to the utmost. Many of the houses here are built of logs, whitewashed on the outside. At a little village late in the forenoon, we stopped for refreshments and to renew my supply of smoking tobacco. The proprietor of the inn congratulated us on stopping there, for he said we would not be able to procure such refreshments as he could furnish us with, at Chazy.

At noon we made a short stop at Chazy, which would be an excellent location for a sanitarium for people afflicted with nervousness. There being no hotel visible there, we ran on until we came to a farm-house which looked as though there might be some hospitality to spare, and we were not mistaken, for the woman of the house was most obliging.

We were anxious to reach Rouse's Point as early as possible, for we expected to find there a Canadian customs agent to clear our wheels. It is the last place on the American side, before crossing the frontier, and an important United States customs post. Five miles from the frontier, at intervals of a mile, we passed posts which gave the distance to the line, viz., "5 miles to B. Line," or British line.

Rouse's Point is a place of considerable commercial importance, and the most prominent port of entry on the frontier, and five railroads centre there. It is at the very end of the lake, and close to the mouth of the Richelieu river, which flows into the St. Lawrence. A short distance north is Fort Montgomery, an interesting ruin belonging to the United States.

Reaching Rouse's Point, we easily found the United States custom house, where we were courteously received by the officers, who informed us that there were no formalities to go through so far as the American authorities were concerned, also that the Canadian customs agent was away. They advised us to go on to the village of Lacolle, seven miles distant, on the Canadian side, where we would find a Canadian official. So, after getting directions, we mounted and went on. At the edge of the village we took closer chances at crossing the railroad track in front of an approaching train than we shall, either of us, care to take again.

We soon had to dismount, for we came upon a clay road which had been rendered entirely unrideable by recent rains; but we were not so crestfallen over it as we should have been had we not been so near to crossing the frontier, which was an interesting event to us. Presently we reached a junction of the road with another leading to the east, where stood an iron post, marking the boundary between the United States and Canada. This, we decided, would be a proper object to photograph; so I unshipped the camera, stood the wheels up against the post, and while the Junior

Partner was taking her place she caught her foot in the Canada line and nearly fell down. Stepping over to the American side I leveled the camera at Her Majesty's Dominion and—fired. The reason why I stood on the American side was that I feared that some wandering Canadian might mistake me for another Fenian Raid, for they have not recovered from their scare of thirty years ago, or so, yet.

After taking the photograph I copied the inscriptions from the four sides of the iron post:—

North side:—"Lt.-Col. I. B. B. Estcourt, H. B. M. Com'ss'r."

East side:—"Treaty of Washington."

South side:—"Albert Smith, U. S. Com'ss'r."

West side:—"Boundary, Aug'st 9th, 1842."

Continuing our leisurely walk, we wondered how many miles we were to have of it.

The moment we crossed into Canada everything was changed. We were on a vast, fertile, thoroughly cultivated plain, settled by French farmers. The land is divided into small farms, bounded by the parishes, just as it was laid out when the French first settled in Canada. These farms are small, of but few acres in extent, and in the form of perfect rectangles. They are separated from one another by rail fences laid in herring-bone fashion, and so numerous are they that, looking across the level country, at a distance it looks as though covered with piles of wood. The roads follow these boundaries, turning at right angles, like stairs—up into Canada. We were interested in observing the crops, and we saw but little corn, for corn is not successfully grown so far north.

But instead of each landholder having a large farm and half-tilling a small part of it, as in New England, each had just what he could thoroughly till; and these French farmers are thrifty, as their buildings and surroundings indicate.

After a few miles of walking, to our great joy we reached a loam road and mounting we wheeled rapidly along through the beautiful country until we came in sight of Lacolle. We dismounted at a station on the Canada Atlantic Railway to make inquiries of the agent, and while talking with him a portly, benevolent looking man strolled in and stood near. As I finished conversing with the agent, he faced me and said: "Have you a permit to travel in this country?"

I replied that we were, as yet, liable to be grabbed up almost anywhere, but that we were about looking for a customs officer.

"I am the customs officer," said he, in an impressive manner.

"You are the gentleman whom we have sought to seek," said I.

"You haf to hunt for me, not I for you," said he.

"That's why we have invaded Lacolle," I assured him.

His office was near by, and with him we entered the sacred precincts of Her Majesty's guardian of the treasury—no, Sir Wilfred Laurier's, for Canada is British by courtesy only, through the indulgence of the Dominion.

The officer, a Frenchman, was very courteous, and the necessary papers were soon filled out and handed to us, we surrendering our membership

tickets in the League of American Wheelmen until the wheels were returned to the United States —thereby avoiding the payment of duty.

I mentioned to him that we had a camera, but he said that was all right; and thanking him, we mounted and rode to the village; but as for that customs officer, there was no doubt in our minds but that he saw us coming along the road and strolled out to see who we were and what we proposed to do.

Our minds easier, with the precious documents in our innermost pockets, we wheeled into the village. We felt the need of something to eat. The station agent told us there were two hotels, one kept by a Frenchman and the other by an Irishman who married a French woman. As the pure French hostelry was nearest, we stopped there. A frousy-headed man answered our knock, and, after allowing that he could get us some tea, he ushered us into a front room. There was a piano there, which had no excuse for standing alone, and while we waited I played, first "Yankee Doodle" and then "God Save the Queen." While we sat there one or two men poked their heads into the door and looked at us, and then an old woman, a veritable witch in appearance, pushed her face in. Several times she did it, disappearing as soon as we looked at her.

Finally the apparition appeared at another door, and this time I looked at her and made the statement:—"Boo!"

The face disappeared instantly.

And still we waited. At last, becoming impatient, I went out to inquire when the tea would be

ready. I found a man in the bar-room, and asked him about it.

He was very short, saying: "I don't tink you get nothing warm here today!"

So I went back to the front room and reported to the Junior Partner, the ultimate outcome being that we left the hotel, mounted our wheels and started for the other tavern. There (God bless the Irish) we found a more hospitable welcome; and the Hibernian boniface, and the French lady who assisted him in dispensing hospitality, got us a nice meal, ham, eggs, bread, berries, cake, tea and plenty of ice water. The landlord was all right, and as we took our departure he gave us directions regarding the road, with instructions not to disregard them for anybody; and we found it all to be as he said.

We found a good road and a pleasant country to ride through. But another adventure was in store for us. In front of a house we saw a team standing, the occupant being engaged in conversation with a woman. Thinking that he was about to turn into the road, as we passed we rang our bells, simply to warn him of our presence. The moment we passed, he whipped up his horse and came on after us, shouting wildly some words that we could not understand. As we passed a man who was leaning against a fence, the Junior Partner asked what was the matter with the man in the team. He replied that he thought he wanted us to stop, or that he wanted to get by. Finally the wild Frenchman in the wagon got so near us, keeping up his wild shouting, that we dismounted and stepped out of the road. When we did so he

reined up, spoke a sentence or two rapidly, of which the only word we could catch was "parlez!" Now we knew that that meant "speak"; but as we were not conscious of having committed any offense we did not trouble ourselves as to what he wanted. He turned about and we remounted and rode on; but presently we heard him after us again. Fearing that he would run me down, I again dismounted, and as he passed me, as closely as he dared, he glared at me and muttered "sacre!" I ought to have told him to "sacre himself," but I saw that he had been drinking, so I held my peace and he drove on, soon turning in at a farm, and we saw him no more. We subsequently learned that it is not considered courteous, in that country, to ring the bells when one wishes to pass, but to speak. So he probably wanted to know why we did not speak—"parlez."

A mile or so further on we stopped to photograph a French farm-house. The houses have the walls built of stone, as a protection against the severe Canadian winters. We found at home only a lot of children, in charge of a bright little girl, whom we could not make understand what we wanted. She thought we wished water and brought us some, very warm and in a very dirty vessel. As near as we could learn her mother was at work somewhere in the field. We succeeded in posing the children in a group on the door-steps, and after "pressing the button," we pushed ahead at a rapid rate over a very good loam road, until near sunset, when we noticed a shower coming rapidly up. This set us to thinking, for we were now not far from Montreal and it was not worth

our while to spend another night on the road; besides, we wished to reach Montreal that evening. But we could not reach it awheel, especially in a shower. So, reaching a little French village we dismounted at the station—on the Grand Trunk road—and inquired about a train. The agent was a Frenchman who spoke good English, and he was very courteous. We secured our tickets, checked the wheels, and while we waited the agent made things very pleasant for us. Here we were again reminded that we were in a foreign land; for the sign over the railroad crossing read: —"Traverse du Chemin de Fer" (Railway Crossing).

We looked about the quaint little village, and watched the people, all conversing in French. There was a curious little chapel there, whose bell was hung in a framework of timbers, beside the door; and while we were there a boy came and rung it as though a conflagration was visiting the town.

Almost the first impression which comes to one the most forcibly, on entering Upper Canada, is that it is a priest-ridden land. One sees priests trailing around everywhere, and in the country districts they are the only ones who seem to live on the "fat of the land." There is nothing that gets by them in the way of the enjoyments and the sweets of life, I imagine. In this tiny village, so small that we could see, from the station, the country all around, a church was being built to cost $25,000!

Just before our train was due a through express came in sight, and the agent warned everybody

away from the edge of the platform, where there was danger of being drawn under the train by the draft which it created. He knew what he was talking about, too, for the train went by at fifty miles an hour, and the breeze carried with it was terrific.

The train we were to take had to be flagged, and even then we came near losing it. Either the agent replaced the signal too soon, or the engineer did not see it, for the train thundered past the station at full speed. Immediately the agent started running up the platform after it, gesticulating as only a Frenchman can, and somebody on the train seeing him, and knowing a mistake had been made, stopped the train and it backed down to the station. It was a close call for us, and we came near having to stop at the village all night, which prospect did not please us.

So we flew on toward Montreal, with the lightning playing all around us. On the train we met two Americans, a gentleman and his son from South Framingham, Massachusetts, who had come up on their wheels as far as Burlington, but finding the roads very bad, had shipped the bicycles home.

Soon we were rumbling over the great Victoria Bridge which spans the St. Lawrence, and in a few moments pulled into the Bonaventure station, Montreal, where, after running the gauntlet of the pestiferous hackmen, worse than mosquitoes. we made our way to the Savoy, the most exclusive and select hotel in the Canadian metropolis.

CHAPTER VI.

The first thing on the program the next morning, after breakfast, was to secure our wheels and get the baggage, which I had ordered shipped from Burlington in bond, released from the customs authorities. Obtaining the wheels was an easy matter for they were simply checked from a station in Canadian territory. On our way down to the railway station we inquired of a policeman if there were any special regulations applied to bicycle riding in the city, he informing us that it would be necessary to obtain a permit at police headquarters, to which place he directed us. The red tape which we had to contend with wound several times around and through the corridors of the Hotel de Ville (City Hall), and finally led us across the street to another building occupied by city offices. Finding the right place at last, we were told by the officer that he would give us permits for five days, free, after which we would be required to procure regular licenses at a cost of one dollar each, and to carry tags on our wheels. I said that five days would not quite cover it, and so he made it seven; and we sallied forth under the protection of the police, duly licensed to wander about unmuzzled for seven days, with the precious documents next our hearts. This is how they read:--

THE CITY OF MONTREAL.
No. 1417—Chief of Police Office, Central Station,
Notre Dame Street.
Pass to "the Junior Partner"
For 7 days
Bicycle.

July 15, 1899.

Geo. H. Hughes,
Superintendent of Police.

The permits are now cherished souvenirs of the expedition. Here we wish to pay a tribute to the police of Montreal. They are nearly all French and they are all gentlemen. They are very courteous and most obliging and polite—not too much so, as are the black constabulary in Jamaica, West Indies. They are in striking contrast to most of the police in United States cities, who are too important by far, entirely devoid of good manners and apparently unable to grant a civil reply to a civil question. We have a few police, however, who are just the opposite.

Next we went to the express office, where we obtained an order on the customs warehouse for our baggage, riding to that place, down near the river-front, where the officials marked it with the magic symbol and received our directions for sending it up to the hotel.

We were now free to explore the city. At first one does not find Montreal an easy city to go about. The streets are laid out with fair regularity but the visitor requires some time to locate the streets clearly with reference to the points of the compass; but after a little it is simple enough.

Montreal is a handsome city, clean and well cared for; but, omitting the points of special interest, it soon becomes monotonous.

Regarding the paved streets, they were originally intended to be good; and those paved with concrete and stone blocks, average, probably, as good as the streets of most large cities; but many of the streets of Montreal are paved with wooden blocks that have worn very unevenly, the result being innumerable deep depressions, making it very hard and disagreeable to ride a bicycle over them. On the outskirts, however, where the streets are surfaced with loam or macadam, it is pleasant riding, for the streets, particularly in the best residential sections, are very pretty; and the city has a profusion of fine trees.

We decided first to go to Mount Royal, which stands a little to the northwest of the city, and it proved to be a pleasant ride. Arriving at Mount Royal we found an inclined railway leading to the summit. The fare is eight cents, up and back, including the wheels, and entering the car we soon found ourselves being drawn up by a cable, the power being located in an engine house at the top. We had been up inclined roads before, but never one so steep as this. Half of it must have been tilted fully forty-five degrees, and as we looked behind and down below us, then up and at the slender cable upon the strength of which so much depended, it caused a sort of "creepy" feeling. At the top we stepped out and went to a pavilion, a sort of observation platform perched on the edge of the precipice, from which we had a superb panoramic view of the city, the St. Lawrence stretch-

ing its broad silver band to the east and west, and the country for miles on all sides.

Montreal is the largest city in the Dominion. It is picturesquely situated on an island in the St. Lawrence, at the head of ocean navigation, over six hundred miles inland. It is located in the midst of a great level plain, and ranks among the most beautiful cities of the continent. It is, pre-eminently, a city of churches—gray old sanctuaries and stately cathedrals that rival the grandest edifices of Europe in splendor and historic interest. From our lofty position we could see, beyond the St. Lawrence, to the eastward, the famous Beloeil peaks, and to the north the Laurentian range, said, by geologists, to be the oldest of the world's mountains. Immediately below lay the city.

It is a favorite pastime for cyclists of Montreal to ascend the mountain by the inclined railway, and then coast down on their wheels, round and round, winding to and fro over a splendid road, to the foot. We did not coast the entire distance, but we rode over some of the beautifully shaded roads, that took us a little higher than where we landed, coasting back to the power house of the railway, where we spent another enjoyable hour at the pavilion.

The return to the city was made in substantially the same way, the route awheel being varied a little.

Montreal is a French city, almost as much so as Paris. French is the language which one hears most spoken in the streets. Nearly all the stores are French, and splendid places they are, many of

them. Almost all the signs bear French names, but nearly all of them, in Montreal, are duplicated in English. The majority of people met on the street can speak English, but French is the language of the city. In the stores, public buildings, depots, et cetera, both French and English are spoken; and the conductors of the electric cars and the cab drivers speak both languages. On the street cars, in the trains and on the boats, there are more French papers read than English. Of the total population of Montreal about two-thirds are French. Still, it is a city of the British Empire (begging Sir Wilfred Laurier's pardon), and there must be no clashing between the two nationalities. And they do get along splendidly. For instance, if the mayor were to be elected by popular vote the English would be out-voted three to one; so the mayor is elected by acclamation, the understanding being that the mayor shall be French one year and English the next, and so on.

In the afternoon we took electric cars for the Lachine Rapids, which we intended to "shoot," we presumed it would be in "cold blood." But, oh, dear! We thought the rapids were very tame. It was a fine ride to Lachine, where we had some time to wait for the boat coming down the river. Here the St. Lawrence is very broad and beautiful, and spanned by a superb iron bridge. There were many other tourists beside ourselves, and the moment the gang-plank went ashore there was a frightful scrambling and pushing between those who wanted to come ashore and those who wished to go aboard. As the former outnumbered the latter they carried the day and we were borne

along in the crush. Then there was a great rush for the upper deck, but we succeeded in getting good places near the rail, and the boat started.

The sail to the Rapids was well worth the time required. Presently we could see, ahead, the white-caps of the Rapids, and we soon entered the boiling water. We caught our breaths, but at once discovered that it was unnecessary. Still it is customary to do so. The water all around and for some distance ahead boiled and bubbled, lashed itself into fairly large waves, wiggled and twisted and gurgled a little. The river, to be liberal, was in a state of mild agitation; that was all. The steamer did not stand on her beam ends, nor dip her scuppers under. Perhaps she did not have any scuppers to dip under. We didn't notice them at any rate. The boat simply pitched easily and rolled a little, as we could tell by sighting by the flag-staff at the bow, at objects on shore. Still it was a very interesting experience and mildly exciting, occupying several minutes, during which we made several photographs.

During the run down to Montreal we were interested in watching the shores, and amused and wearied at the antics of the members of a "personally conducted" party, on board, who made fools of themselves, as usual, spreading all over everything and making observations and asking questions that any intelligent six-year-old child ought to be ashamed of.

As we drew up at the wharf at Montreal we noticed several ocean steamers lying there, and it seemed strange to think of their being here, six hundred miles from the ocean, in the far northern interior of the continent.

That evening we sat for a time in the park, watching the people promenading along the brightly lighted street. Happy people are these French, always bright and interesting.

While sitting there we were both pleased and surprised to see an old friend, a civil engineer, who had visited us in Boston, and whom we had not seen for about four years—come walking by. Of course, we accosted him, for the pleasure of meeting was mutual.

The remainder of the evening we pleasantly spent calling upon some friends, the result being an invitation to walk around Mount Royal in the morning, Sunday—leaving at 10.30 o'clock promptly, no waiting beyond that hour for anybody.

At the appointed hour in the morning we were on hand, ready for the trip. We walked first through the beautiful and extensive grounds of McGill College, and a short distance beyond I, my host and a young Englishman also engaged in business in Montreal, left the ladies to pursue their own sweet wills, and street cars, to meet us later at "St. George's on the hill."

My friend is an old Alpine climber, and a smooth path where other feet have trod simply terrifies him and causes him to dart away by some more difficult and inaccessible route. His tramps among the Alps have stood him in good stead, but I followed him a good second, along steep paths embowered in trees and bushes, up steep inclines and over high ledges and boulders—wherever one could be found. It was highly enjoyable, and my friend is a model companion on an outing. So we walked over and around the

mountain, finally bringing up at the St. George's Club, the members of which include prominent business men. There we were met by the ladies. Shaggy, obedient little "Jip" was there, too; and sitting on the broad, cool verandah, which commands a superb view, we imbibed cooling beverages before returning to the city, where we were further entertained, at dinner, by our friends, who are delightful and accomplished hosts.

The remainder of the afternoon we spent visiting some of the famous churches and feasting our eyes upon their splendid interiors. Among them were St. James, modeled after St. Peter's, at Rome; and the Notre Dame Cathedral, famous the world over for its grand proportions, its magnificent interior decorations and the priceless treasures that it contains. Its bell is said to be among the largest in the world. We sat for a time watching the service, and then visited Bonsecours Church, near the market by the same name, where the hanging lamps are all in the form of models of ships and steamers, and where the priest was addressing the congregation in vigorous French.

This ended our day's jaunting—and we returned to the hotel to make ready for our departure for Quebec, the following morning.

CHAPTER VII.

The next morning we were up early, and, with the wheels, luggage and camera thereon, we started for the steamer which left for Quebec at 9 o'clock, calling on the way at the post-office.

Arriving at the wharf, after checking the wheels, for which we paid twenty-five cents each, we went aboard the "Caspian," which was taking on coal, which was brought along in dump carts that were driven on board. The "Caspian" is a good sized side-wheel steamer, and one of the pleasantest craft that we ever voyaged in. She has a large, well furnished and well lighted saloon, good staterooms, attractive dining saloon and a roomy deck. There was a fair number of first-class passengers beside ourselves, mostly Canadians, with a sprinkling of American tourists (thanks be to Allah, none "personally conducted"), and one priest from Kentucky who was making a pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaupre to be cured of deafness.

What a broad, splendid waterway the St. Lawrence is, stretching away to the northeast with scarcely a curve or bend. The "Caspian" proved to be capable of very good speed, and she belched forth a continuous volume of black smoke from her funnel, indicating soft coal below and lots of it.

It was a perfect day, with scarcely a cloud visible save on the far northern horizon, and the air

was cool and bracing. The scenes along both shores were interesting to us, because they were entirely new. The country for nearly the entire distance of one hundred and eighty miles is almost flat, excepting here and there steep bluffs along the river banks. Here and there, as we steamed down the broad river, little hamlets appeared, each with its tall spired church; and very pretty they looked against the vivid green background. Here and there, where the river broadened, there were extensive marshes, some of them almost entirely covered with vivid crimson flowers.

We passed several craft, coming up the river, curious, clumsy hulls with square bows, loaded with wood and barely moving, each under a single great square sail which looked not unlike a lateen sail, on a mast stepped well forward. Evidently they could only run before the wind; at least, they would have difficulty in luffing and I should like to witness the operation—from the bank,— for one of these curious craft would surely require the whole width of the river.

The channel is marked with frequent buoys, for we were told that the channel is constantly shifting and has to be carefully watched and dredged; and we passed several dredges at work.

The first landing was at Sorel, a small place on the right bank, at the confluence of the Richelieu and the St. Lawrence: and it is a noteworthy fact that, in a forty or fifty foot steam launch, a voyage can be made from the St. Lawrence and the Atlantic Ocean at New York, by way of the Richelieu, Lake Champlain, the Champlain Canal and

the Hudson River. This is frequently done by canal boats.

During the few minutes that the steamer lay at Sorel, we had a good chance to observe the people, many of whom were at the wharf, and they were well appearing, vivacious people, especially the girls, some of whom were very pretty.

Soon after leaving Sorel we entered Lake St. Peter, which is simply a very broad place in the river; and such is its expanse that, looking directly ahead, the eye meets the horizon, just as it would at sea; though, on either side, the shores can, of course, be seen.

The dinner gong sounded soon after entering the lake, and we forthwith repaired to the dining-room. At our table there was a waiter whose English was so limited that he couldn't understand whether we wanted pommes de terre or "oeufs" on toast. He appealed to the head waiter, who relieved him and sent an English speaking Frenchman to our table. We sat by a wide, open window, from which we could look out at the shore; which reminded me of a voyage I once took along the south coast of Jamaica, only I could not quite see the shore of South America, although it was not very far away.

After dinner we inspected the engine rooms, as we always do, and shades of Fulton, of all the antiquated pieces of mechanism. It was built some fifty years ago; but, while rudely constructed and covered with rust, it forced the boat through the water without a tremor.

On this deck were the passengers below first-class, at which no first-class passenger ought to complain.

At the lower end of Lake St. Peter another landing was made, at Three Rivers, a place of considerable size, built along the river-bank at the foot of the bluff. Three Rivers is an important station of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which runs along the left bank of the river. Half the population gathered at the landing, including several priests and policemen, the occasion being graced by the presence of the Chief of Police, as we observed by the letters on his chapeau. He looked like a Cossack in his quaint uniform, over the front of which bushy whiskers trailed like the water pouring down over the Falls of Montmorency. The Junior Partner tried to secure a photograph of this guardian of the peace, but the moment she leveled the camera toward the wharf half of the people there began to edge along so as to be included in the view, with the result that she was compelled to abandon the attempt.

While we were on Lake St. Peter the steamer ran into a squall, when the rain fell so heavily that the shores were obscured from view and everybody was driven inside; and it did not entirely cease raining until we were nearly up to Three Rivers. As we neared Quebec the level country was left behind and the bluffs were higher and steeper, with hills beyond.

Our journey was made still more pleasant by the attention of Captain Craig, who chatted with us concerning points on the river and related incidents in his active and interesting career. Captain Craig is very popular with the traveling public, because he is not only pleasant and agreeable himself, but he is constantly trying to add to the enjoyment of his passengers.

Interest in the voyage subsided as we neared Quebec, and presently we saw, outlined against the sky, on the left, the frowning Citadel, situated at the top of a great rock which rises, sheer, hundreds of feet above the water, like Gibraltar, which, in times past, rendered it impregnable. Passing under the shadow of the famous fortress, old Quebec, ancient and hoary, was before us, the "Lower Town" bunched at the water's edge, with the "Upper Town" above, its lower part dim in the shadows of the twilight, and with the upper part, crowning the hill, standing out sharply in a serrated line against the glowing sky.

Disembarking we made our way through the babel of carriage drivers until we found a vehicle bearing the name of the hotel to which we were going; and, in company with three bright young ladies from St. Paul, Minnesota, we rumbled away to the "Upper Town," zigzagging to and fro up the steep, narrow streets, quaint and curious, until the panting horses stopped in front of the hotel.

CHAPTER VIII.

We determined to wheel to Ste. Anne de Beaupre before exploring Quebec, so, early the next morning, we went to the "Lower Town" to the wharf, and securing the wheels, set out. Riding along the business thoroughfares, narrow and quaint, few of the places of business being open at that hour, we crossed the bridge over the St. Charles river, taking a northeast course to the St. Lawrence.

We entered a country fair to look upon. Rich grass-lands and fields of growing crops lay on either side of the road, and wild-flowers in great profusion lent brilliancy to the landscape. It was a bright morning, with a slight crispness in the air, and the road was all that could be desired, with no hills to compel dismounting; indeed, we were able to coast frequently. Here and there the road was shaded by locust trees, and generally the way was, for the first ten miles, through a highly cultivated section. Our route lay along the valley of the St. Lawrence, bounded on the left by an almost continuous bluff, beyond which the country stretched away to the unbroken northern wilderness—unbroken to the Arctic Circle. To the right the beautiful fertile valley, cut up by rail fences enclosing the little rectangular French farms—gently sloped to the great broad river.

We were in a community of what might be designated French peasantry, prosperous, thrifty,

small farmers. We frequently met people on the road. They were very reserved, but always courteous. The farm-houses were nearly all built in the style of architecture peculiar to the country districts of Brittany, in France, with roofs curving upward at the lower edges, and with figured paper shades at the windows. In front of nearly all of them, bright, carefully tended flowers added to their attractiveness. We saw, here and there, women working in the fields, with the men; and among the most novel sights on the road was a small milk-cart drawn by a large dog harnessed into the shafts, driven by a French boy. We halted him and tried to make him understand that we wished to take a photograph of him and his turnout; and although we were unable to make him comprehend, he posed for us without protesting, for which I rewarded him with a few coppers.

We were on the road to the Northern Mecca—to the shrine of "Bonne Ste. Anne," and at short intervals, by the roadside, we came to a tall black wooden cross, a tiny chapel, bow-shaped, rounded at the back, or tiny shrines containing images of Ste. Anne.

Spinning down a small hill with our feet on the coasters, suddenly a roar like that made by falling water, broke upon our ears.

"We must be near the Falls of Montmorency," I said to the Junior Partner, and, inquiring of a boy who happened along just then, he directed us to the falls. The falls are hidden by trees and cannot be seen from the road; and the adjacent territory is fenced in. As we approached the gate a man came out of the inn on the opposite side of

the road, and in a soft voice informed us that the charge to pass would be twenty-five cents each. This we paid and mounting our wheels rode along a smooth, winding, shady road among the trees, following the sound of the Falls, which we could not see until we were right abreast of them.

It was a most beautiful sight. The Falls are not more than fifty or sixty feet wide, but they are 275 feet high, about a hundred feet higher than Niagara, and the water plunges down the almost perpendicular face of the cliff, which is closely covered with trees, contrasting most beautifully with the vivid whiteness of the falling water. The rock over which the water falls, and that all around, in the immediate vicinity, at least, is composed of a very soft sha le. At the brink of the precipice opposite the Falls there is a little pavilion, from which a flight of wooden stairs descends to a platform about half-way down. There we sat and gazed upon this natural wonder, and admired the rainbow in the vapor at the foot of the Falls, which rose in a cloud, like steam. A short distance from here the water passing over the Falls flows into the St. Lawrence. which is plainly visible. Surely no cataract in the world can be more beautiful than that at Montmorency. We spent nearly an hour there, taking a photograph, and then returning to the road we resumed our ride to Ste. Anne de Beaupre.

Now, for many miles, we coasted nearly all the way. The road was superb, the reason being apparent when we, now and then, passed men at work on it, and scrapers smoothing the surface. The French here have not forgotten the art so well

known to their nationality—road-building. We passed frequent villages, quiet, quaint little hamlets; and at short intervals we came to cool, bubbling springs by the way.

Toward noon we looked for some place, perhaps an inn, where we could get dinner; but seeing none, we asked a man on a team which we overtook, where we could obtain something to sustain us during the remainder of our pilgrimage. He directed us to a house which stood high above the road, a few rods ahead.

A few minutes before we stopped at a house where we made our wants known, and a good-natured man tried his best to get us some milk, going to several of his neighbors in an endeavor to find some. He was unsuccessful, however, expressing his regrets with many shrugs of his shoulders.

Stopping in front of the house to which we were directed by the man on the team, I went up the steps and rapped at the door. A man with a shock of hair which stood straight up all over his head, appeared, and when he understood what we wanted he disappeared. I could hear the rattle of dishes, knives and forks, indicating that the family was at dinner. Soon the man re-appeared and told me that we could not get anything to eat there. I then asked him if we could not get some milk, for we were very hungry. Once more he disappeared to the regions within and soon a kindly looking, elderly woman came to the door and invited us in. Once inside, I opened negotiations, I mentioned the word "store," and suggested that they might send out and get something for us. A

buxom young woman entered the room, and we understood one another in a moment. She addressed her remarks to the Junior Partner, and the French flew thick and fast.

"Er, will you —- aigs?" inquired Mademoiselle.

"Yes, let's do it," said I joyfully, interrupting the conversation. "If there's anything I like to do when I'm hungry," said I, "it's eggs."

"Oui," said the Junior Partner.

"Oui, oui," I chimed in; and "oeufs!" called out Mademoiselle, moving toward the kitchen.

Now the Junior Partner always carries a chatelaine, a fearful and wonderful receptacle, from the mysterious depths of which is liable to come almost anything in times of emergency. On this occasion it was a few shelled walnuts for the baby, which opened the heart of not only the child's grandmother, but its mother, who led the little one up to the Junior Partner, telling it, in French, to thank the lady; and it lisped: "Merci, Madame" as plainly as it could.

To my great pleasure another full grown and well developed Mademoiselle appeared; and they all fell to, went into the spare room and got out the best table cloth, the best knives and forks and dishes, spreading the table in the front room. One of the dear girls went out and got some cakes; and they made tea and brought out some damson preserves with thick cream, so we sat down to a delicious lunch, which included fried eggs and bread and butter. While we ate we conversed in a mixture of French and English, with one of the young ladies, who sat by with some sewing. We told her where we were going, she thought, at

first, until we showed her the wheels, that we were making the pilgrimage on foot. We told her how far we had come that day, and where our home was, this interested her for she had a brother in Haverhill, Massachusetts—"Averill," she pronounced it, and she wanted to know how far that was from Boston.

Then she wanted to know if we were brother and sister, and the Junior Partner stated that she was "Madame," which explained the mystery.

Then I asked Mademoiselle if she was married. She blushed and said: "Non."

I observed that, in that case, there must be either a great scarcity of young men in that vicinity, or else they were a mighty unappreciative lot of fellows.

We finished dinner and I asked how much it would be. The young lady consulted her mother, and then turning to me, said; "Five-ty cents," which I most cheerfully paid.

Again we mounted the wheels and pedalled on with renewed vigor but presently, to our sudden surprise we had to dismount and from here on

We walked most of the way
To Sante Anne de Beaupre
Over a jagged road of clay.

Occasionally we could ride a little, and once I was unceremoniously unseated by my wheel sinking to the hub in a clay mire.

The bluff along the left-hand side of the road was now very high and lofty, and covered with trees, and every rod or two a little stream of water rushed down to the road, an opening in the foliage sometimes revealing a pretty cascade. It was certainly a profusely watered country.

As we proceeded we caught frequent glimpses of the interiors of the houses, which were not so attractive as the exteriors.

Anon, we passed women washing clothes by the streams, with fires burning beneath great kettles resting upon arches of stones; and by some of the houses, dinner was being cooked in the open air, the whole family assisting and tending the fires under the kettles in which the food was being cooked.

Here and there by the road were vegetable cellars and dairies built into the side of the hill with brick front and heavy doors. Some of them were in ruins but others were in good repair.

So riding and walking alternately we reached the village of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, wheeling through the main street to the church of Bonne Ste. Anne.

Ste. Anne de Beaupre has been, for more than two hundred and fifty years, the place of pilgrimage for devout Catholics seeking health.

It is very often difficult to separate tradition from history so we will call this story tradition. In the early part of the eighteenth century some Breton mariners, who were overtaken by a violent storm while navigating the St. Lawrence, vowed to Saint Anne that if delivered from the dangers that threatened them, they would erect a sanctuary on the spot on which they should land. Their prayers were heard and they erected a small wooden chapel. The first primitive little structure was replaced by a larger one in 1660, and it was almost entirely rebuilt in 1787. In 1878 it became a pretentious chapel and now stands on the site of

the sacred spring whose waters are supposed to possess miraculous properties. Across the street there is a splendid edifice, opened in 1876 and raised to the dignity of a Basilica by Pope Pius IX. It is of immense proportions and the architecture is Corinthian. A marvellously beautiful and colossal statue of Ste. Anne surmounts the facade between twin towers of great height. The interior is unrivalled for its beauty and imposing grandeur, and there are many paintings representing different scenes in the life of Christ. On each side of the entrance are large pyramids of canes, crutches, trusses and splints, left there in evidence of the efficacy of the intervention of the saint.

Near the altar there is another statue of Ste. Anne, resting on a column of onyx; and at the foot there is a fragment of the finger bone of the saint, procured by Laval, the first bishop of New France; a part of the wrist of the saint sent by Pope Leo XIII. and a portion of the rock from the grotto in which Ste. Anne gave birth to the Virgin Mary. Beside, there are many valuable gifts from famous persons, among them being a superb chasuble, the work of Anne of Austria, Queen of France and mother of Louis XIV. The Scala Santa, or "sacred stairs," which supplicants ascend upon their knees, is constructed in imitation of Pilate's palace at Jerusalem, each step containing relics from the Holy Land.

One of a party of young ladies asked a priest if they might go up the stairs on their knees, to which he replied that they could if they wished, but that they would find some Protestant stairs near by that they could go up a good deal quicker.

Last year there were about 125,000 pilgrims to this spot.

The broad St. Lawrence rolls past the door. The week of our visit was one of pilgrimage. We sat in the church and gazed at the beautiful altar with its masses of cheap artificial flowers, in striking contrast to the almost priceless treasures in the church. We saw the devotees crowd at the foot of the statue of the saint, raise their eyes, pray and then kiss the little disk of plate glass which covered the sacred relics. Then many of them went to the chapels that extended along both sides of the church, each dedicated to some particular saint, there to ask some special intercession.

Across the street, on the hillside, there is a gate leading to an inclosure, above which we read the words "The Way of the Cross." The way zig-zags up the hill, crosses being planted at intervals, the way terminating at the foot of a great cross on which there is a figure of the crucified Christ. Adjoining this there is a cemetery, and in it a small sanctuary containing figures representing the crucifixion, where the walls were covered with inscriptions written with lead pencils, signed with the names of the writers; among them being frequently a supplication to the saint in these words: "Ste. Anne, pray for us."

We entered a little cemetery where the graves were some of them, curiously marked; some of the tomb-stones and head pieces having set into them glass cases containing photographs of the deceased.

Along the roadside, and by the entrances to the

great church, were booths where were exposed for sale, rosaries, figures of Ste. Anne, medals, crucifixes and many other holy emblems; and we purchased several of these.

By a sign near the side or rear entrance, visitors and pilgrims were admonished that alms should be given to beggars.

At about the centre of the village, in a little garden, just off the main street, there is a small shrine containing a figure of Ste. Anne. We were told that when a conflagration visited the town eight years ago, that the flames did not pass beyond the shrine; and it is stated that the intercession of the saint arrested the progress of the fire.

A visit to the "Mecca" of the Northland is an event never to be forgotten. It is a land very quaint, very curious, and above all, very French.

We took the train from the little station on the Quebec, Montmorency & Charlevoix Railway at the foot of the long plank walk which leads from the church, back to Quebec. The station agent, when I purchased the tickets, asked whether we would go first or second class, explaining that, if first-class, the wheels would be carried free, and if second-class, a charge would be made for them, so we went first-class.

On the way to Quebec we had a good opportunity to observe the people in another aspect—as they gathered at the stations; and as we passed Montmorency we had another view of the Falls.

Arriving at Quebec we rode along the "Lower Town" to the foot of Rue du Palais, which climbs the "Upper Town."

CHAPTER IX.

That evening we went, in company with the three young ladies from St. Paul, to Dufferin Terrace, in front of the Chateau Frontenac, a splendid hotel conducted by the Canadian Pacific Railway. The broad Terrace is built along the edge of the great Gibraltar-like rock, far above the Lower Town, some parts of it overhanging the houses along Little Champlain Street below. At the northern side of the Terrace stands the Chateau Frontenac, the great Citadel looming far above the whole, on the western side. From the Terrace a magnificent view is obtained, even in the evening, with the lights below and across the river. The Terrace serves as the fashionable promenade of Quebec; and here the elite appear nightly, dressed in their very best, walking up and down, sitting upon the settees or leaning over the rail in front. It is a brilliant scene. Petite French mademoiselles are there in pleasing profusion; and a majestic member of the Royal Canadian Militia, in full uniform and spurs, strides up and down, thereby imparting a kind of military dignity. Along the front of the Chateau Frontenac there is a row of evergreen trees, behind which, in a sort of open-air cafe, refreshments are served. Brilliantly lighted by electricity, the effect is most fascinating. On certain evenings band concerts are given on the Terrace, which, of course, adds to the life and gayety. The Terrace is fully quarter of a mile long. On it are erected five handsome kiosks, to

which the names Plessis, Frontenac, Lorne and Louise, Dufferin and Victoria, are given. The Terrace is more than 200 feet above the St. Lawrence. Across the river is Levis, where there are three formidable forts; and down stream is the beautiful Isle d'Orleans—the "Isle of Paccus" of Jacques Cartier, at a later day known as Sorcerer's Island, on account of the fireflies that danced over its swamps, believed by the Indians and early French settlers to have some connection with His Majesty, the Devil. Further away is Cape Tourmente; and to the left the St. Charles sweeps and gracefully wends its way to the greater river. In the valley of the St. Charles still stand the gaunt ruins of Chateau Bigot, famed in early history hereabout.

We were sitting together near the western end of the Terrace, almost under the guns of the Citadel, when, suddenly, the sky was illuminated by a bright flash, followed by a sharp report. The effect upon us all was startling, and one of the young ladies came near, so she said, jumping over the rail of the Terrace into Little Champlain Street. We had scarcely returned to the hotel when the rain came down in torrents, and it was fortunate that we escaped it.

The morning dawned bright and clear, and immediately after breakfast we started out to see Quebec.

In all North America, there is no city richer in historic treasures, or one of greater grandeur in its surroundings. Here it was that European civilization was first planted in the Northland. Here two old world powers battled for the possession of half a continent.

Looking down from the Terrace front, is seen the narrow street named after the founder of Quebec, extending along to the foot of the Citadel cliff, just beyond which is the narrow pass where Montgomery fell mortally wounded while leading his men in an attack upon the city. We first visited the Governor's Garden, a little public park in the rear of Dufferin Terrace, where there is a dual-faced stone column to Wolfe and Montcalm, erected in 1827 and 1828. On it is this inscription:—"Valor gave a common death, history a common fame, and posterity a common monument."

On our way to the Citadel we passed the post-office. In the northern facade of the building, on Baude Street, is the gilt figure of a dog gnawing a bone, about which there is a legend which Kirby has woven into a charming romance. Under the French regime, a coffee house stood upon the site now occupied by the post-office, and its owner, having a dispute with the Intendant Bigot or some other high official, revenged himself by placing this sculptured tablet in front of the house, with the accompanying lines in French:—

"Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os,
En le rongeant je prends mon repos,
Un temps viendra qui n'est pas venu,
Que je mordray qui m'aura mordu.
1736."

Freely translated, it reads as follows:—

"I am a dog gnawing a bone,
While I gnaw I take my repose,
The time will come, though not yet,
When I will bite him who now bites me."

Climbing up the glacis of the Citadel to the guard house, a little girl, somewhat soiled as to garments, came forward and offered to take charge of the camera, which could not be taken inside the fortress. Taking it into the house, she conducted us to the gate of the inner fortress, for which the Junior Partner rewarded her with some silver coins. Passing through the massive arch of the gate, a soldier stepped forward and politely offered to conduct us around the fort. We understood him clearly, for this was not our first experience of the kind. "Backsheesh" is the magic word. He conducted us around, speaking his little piece as he went, and pointing out the important objects, and conducting us to the edge of the parapet, from which we had a superb view. The Citadel occupies the most commanding position in Quebec, having a clear range for its guns, most of which are obsolete, though we were informed that some modern pieces are being installed. The fortress stands 303 feet above the St. Lawrence. Up to ten or twelve years ago the Citadel was garrisoned by regular British troops, who were withdrawn at the request of Canada, who had grown sufficiently large to take care of herself (?). Though still a fortress and garrisoned by a small body of Royal Canadian Militia, its chief use is for military stores. Here the Governor-General and suite are quartered when he honors Quebec with a visit. The splendid being who acted as our guide, treading the floor of solid rock with majestic footsteps, took us to the centre of the parade ground, where, with much impressiveness, he pointed to a small brass cannon on which was

an inscription stating that it was captured from the Americans at Bunker Hill. I wanted to dally around until the soldier glanced away, and then slip the little gun into my pocket and take it away as a souvenir; but the Junior Partner would not let me.

As we returned to the gate our escort graciously presented the Junior Partner with a button of the uniform of the Royal Canadian Militia, and she showed him some she had obtained in Halifax, regular British buttons that had seen service in African campaigns. His generous and graceful act could not go unnoticed, so he was duly rewarded with some silver. Retiring from the fort, we ascended the glacis and walked along until we saw the girl, who had come out with the camera, having, in the meantime, put on clean clothes and combed her hair.

Passing down along the walls, we went through the St. Louis Gate, which the Junior Partner photographed, and proceeded to the Plains of Abraham. Just before reaching the Plains we left the street and crossed a broad stretch of land devoted to pasturage, to the Martello Tower, and then walked across another pasture, where the Junior Partner saw, peacefully grazing, a flock of ferocious man-eating cows; climbed fences, crossed a field, walking past the prison to the Plains of Abraham, stopping at the tall marble shaft which marks the spot where Wolfe fell, mortally wounded. It bears this inscription:—"Here Wolfe died victorious"; and his illustrious foe, Montcalm, also wounded, retreated within the walls to die. The Junior Partner secured a photograph of it. While

there we met a voluble American, from New York State, who at once entered into conversation with us. After talking with him ten minutes no one could doubt that the world was made in seven days. He had left his wife standing out by the road, while he came over to inspect the battle-field. He told us who he was, that his wife was a Bostonian and that they were married in Trinity Church by Phillips Brooks. His wife was an enthusiastic collector of china, and she bothered him by disappearing at unexpected moments into some place in search of rare china. He had been kept so busy hunting up his better half that he had not had much time to make a historical inspection of Quebec; so he enlisted our aid and drew upon the knowledge we had collected. He was a jovial, pleasant man, polished and polite. Whipping out a notebook and pencil he began to check off the places that he had seen.

"Now let's see," said he, indicating the entire territory at the east and south with a sweep of his hand, "is there anything off there worth seeing?"

We replied that there was nothing particularly interesting except the Martello Tower. He said that he had seen that on his way up in the car.

"Now let's see," he continued, "Wolfe and his men swarmed up from over there (pointing toward the river) and met Montcalm's forces about here (pointing to the ground) and here is where both generals were wounded?"

We replied that we believed that that was the impromptu program.

"I've got the whole bill," said he, slapping the notebook together and putting it in his pocket.

All the while his wife had stood out by the road, frequently beckoning to him. But he did not hurry until he had taken in the "whole bill."

The Martello Towers, already spoken of, were not erected until 1812, and, while they are formidably built, they were weakly constructed toward the city, so that, in case of capture they might be easily destroyed.

A short distance away from the shaft, on the escarpment overhanging the St. Lawrence, is the path by which the British troops scaled the cliffs on the night before the battle; and at the foot of the rocks is Wolfe's Cove, where the forces landed.

Leading from near the east end of Dufferin Terrace, a long flight of steps leads from the Upper to the Lower Town. Formerly this was the only means of going from the upper to the lower part of the city, and vice versa; but now there is an inclined elevator, whose car, drawn by a cable, slides up and down in a covered passageway between the Terrace and Little Champlain Street below. We went down the steps and turned into Little Champlain Street, which is, by all odds, the quaintest, narrowest, oldest and most curious of the city's thoroughfares. We walked along it until we reached the foot of the cliff, on the top of which is perched the Citadel, a sheer ascent of more than three hundred feet. We were much interested in seeing where, about ten years ago, a great mass of rock broke away and fell from the height above, some 200 feet, wrecking many houses in Little Champlain Street and killing about forty people. There is one house still stand-

ing, on the opposite side of the street, with a part of one end gone, carried away by the avalanche of rock. We returned to the Upper Town by the elevator.

Only a few hours more remained for us in Quebec; but before finally taking leave of the city we wish to devote a paragraph to the caleche drivers. The caleche is the predominating public vehicle of this city of the "Golden Dog," and it is a comfort to know that it will be found nowhere else; not because it is not a convenient and comfortable carriage, but because the drivers of them are so obtrusive and insolent as to be veritable pests. The caleche is a two-wheeled, one-horse affair, with a hood like that on a buggy. In front of the seat there is a small seat, slightly elevated. When the driver is waiting for a fare he sits on the passengers' seat; but when he secures a victim he perches himself upon the seat in front, and the caleche dashes away, careering along the narrow, crooked and steep streets. The caleche driver is never out of sight. He infests every corner and every street, especially in the sections of the city most frequented by tourists. If the visitor pauses anywhere, stops to glance at anything, crosses a square, or happens, by the merest accident, to glance in the direction of a caleche driver, up goes his hand in mute inquiry; or, if he is within speaking distance he repeats, "Caleche? Caleche? Caleche?" until the visitor is out of sight and hearing. Often we noticed them long distances away, with hands held aloft, their wrists curved like interrogation points. The best course to pursue is to take no notice whatever of them, ignore them,

make no reply, if one does not require the services of a caleche. They will even drive in front of one and stop directly in his path; but we had seen the carriage drivers of Kingston, Jamaica, do that. I would not advise the tourist to take a caleche in visiting the places of interest in Quebec, because they rush around from one place to another, giving only opportunity for a momentary glance at objects of the greatest interest, so eager are they to be on the lookout for another fare; and this, notwithstanding the fact that, unless the traveler is on to their methods, they have charged an exorbitant rate. They will always name a price two or three, or even four times as much as the service is worth. If the traveler is posted he has no trouble in beating them down to a reasonable figure. Our fondest wish is that the caleche driver, after he takes a last leave of Quebec, will continue forever to drive his caleche, with red-hot tires, over pavements of hot lava, or until the vehicle shrinks in the everlasting heat and drops to pieces, letting him down to sizzle upon the superheated pavements of the infernal regions.

The remainder of the day was spent in visiting some of the quaintest streets, in buying some fruit, which we found as fine and about as cheap as could be obtained in any large American city; in walking along the walls overlooking the Lower Town, sitting in the park at the foot of the Terrace, and in inspecting the Grand Battery, "grand" only from an ornamental standpoint, for the guns, pointing out over the walls toward Levis across the river, are obsolete; but, from an ornamental point of view, they are very effective, their smooth brown barrels ranged in a row.

CHAPTER X.

We took the night boat back to Montreal. The steamer—the "Montreal"—sailed at 5.30 p. m., but we went on board half an hour before sailing time, and after placing our traps in the stateroom, we sat on deck and watched the scenes on shore until the lines were cast off. We were somewhat interested in watching the ferry-boats that ply between Quebec and Levis, make landings. They came up near where the Montreal was lying, and it took them as long to land as an ocean steamer would require. After finally making fast to the wharf, a gang-plank was hauled aboard and the passengers and teams went ashore over it. A long time would Americans endure such slow methods on a ferry.

The lines were cast off, and the Montreal swung out into the river. As she backed away, we noticed a commotion on the wharf, and saw a Frenchman standing there, gesticulating wildly, shouting and shaking his fists at the retreating steamer. He had arrived too late, and got left. He wanted the boat to return for him—but it did not.

We sat on deck while the steamer glided on, leaving the old city behind; and the last glimpse we had of it was the gray Citadel and the even more imposing Chateau Frontenac, standing aloft on the top of the rock, its classic walls of stone sharply outlined against the glowing sky, the

most prominent object seen either leaving or approaching Quebec.

The evening was very cool—cold in fact, so cold that the passengers could not stay on deck, but all huddled in the saloon with wraps about them. As for us, we secured a position as near the smoke-stack as we could. The only interesting occurrence before it was dark, was the meeting and passing of the Caspian, bound for Quebec. We waved to Captain Craig, and thought we saw him answer us from the pilot house.

When we went on deck in the morning the steamer lay at her wharf at Montreal, and, going ashore, we went at once to the hotel and ordered breakfast. Then we started out to look about the city, first calling at the post-office, afterward doing a little shopping.

In the course of our wanderings we passed Bonsecours Market, where we saw stalls in charge of women, and some splendid fruits and vegetables exposed for sale. One can obtain very poor spruce beer, which is rendered still more unpalatable by putting into it lemon or some other syrup. They should go down to Nova Scotia and learn how to make and serve spruce beer.

The authors, in convention assembled, seriously and with deliberation, hereby desire to put themselves on record and state that the hack drivers of Montreal are about the most obstreperous and careless lot of fiendish jehus that they ever met in all their travels. They do not hesitate to deliberately run people down, and if one happens to be in a close place, it makes no difference to them. They give a pedestrian no show whatever. So far

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as the cab service of Montreal is concerned, it is superb, plenty of it, and cheap.

After dinner we took the camera and sallied forth, with two objects in view; one being to visit the Chateau de Ramezay, on Notre Dame Street, and to "wing" a priest in heavy marching order, with flowing soutaine and shovel hats. We first visited the Chateau, where there are interesting and extensive collections of historic objects relating to and having some bearing upon the history of Canada. It is worth far more time than we were able to give it, for a whole day might be devoted to its inspection with pleasure and profit. It contains some fine paintings and other rare treasures. The old building is probably the most historically interesting structure in Montreal, for, in times past, it served as the residence of the early Governors; and some dark tales are related in connection with it and the vegetable cellars beneath, which are said to have been utilized as dungeons for refractory Indians.

Leaving the Chateau we focused the camera, uncovered a plate and lay in wait for a priest for half an hour or so; but, although we saw several, we were unable to get one within range. So we gave it up and boarded an open car for a trip around Mount Royal. It was a delightful experience. We passed through the "French quarter," which may be alluded to as the "tenderloin district" of Montreal, where children of all sizes are as numerous as flies at a country hotel. With only one change we made the tour of the mountain, passing many beautiful residences and extensive market gardens, through woods and along shaded

roads. The car ran at high speed and it was an exhilarating experience.

The conductors on the cars in Montreal handle no money—paid for fares by passengers. They carry tickets that they sell, six for twenty-five cents, and when they collect a fare they pass a sort of little metallic pitcher, with a slot in the top, into which the passenger slips a ticket. If the fare is paid in money, the silver coin is dropped into the slot; and if the passenger passes the conductor, say half a dollar, that genius makes the change, passing it all to the passenger. who selects the correct coin and drops it into the slot.

As in the United States, the passenger is cautioned to "be careful in getting on or off the car"; although here, as in the United States, he usually gets off where, how and when he chooses.

"Faites attention en montant dans le tramway et en en descendant," is the way the admonition reads on the Montreal electrics.

We spent our last evening in Montreal sitting in the park, at our favorite occupation—observing and studying the people, later calling around to bid adieu to our friends.

CHAPTER XI.

Although I have been, for a number of years, a rather close student of Canadian politics, I was slow to admit, even to myself, what seemed quite apparent, that Canada was hostile to the United States. I reasoned that what seemed to be an unfriendly attitude on the part of the Dominion was simply the political hostility of the governing classes.

Nevertheless, as time went on, I became convinced that my deductions were correct, and that Canada, of her own free will, was our inveterate foe. During two visits to the Maritime Provinces, I observed carefully the sentiment there toward the United States, and somewhat to my surprise, as well as to my great gratification, I found only the opposite of an unfriendly feeling towards us. Again I thought that I must have erred in my conclusions; but careful observations during this visit to that part of Canada lying to the north of us, left no doubt in my mind as to the accuracy of my previous deductions.

That Canada, with the exception of the Maritime Provinces, is bitterly hostile to us, and without good reason, there is not a shadow of doubt. The secular and the periodical press reflect the true sentiment of the people, who embrace every opportunity and avail themselves of the flimsiest pretexts to criticise the United States, our government, politics, political and social morals and to discredit the motives of our government on matters of international interest in which we are

engaged. Nothing is too vituperative to be said concerning the people of the United States, their antecedents and their morals. This government is pictured as devoid of all honor and integrity, and incapable of any high, pure motives. The United States is described as an octopus, reaching out to grasp whatsoever it may, regardless of all claims of right, wrong and humanity.

This, in brief, is Canadian sentiment toward the United States.

This is, in part, due to extreme jealousy; and, coupled wth her hatred for the republic at the south, Canada is generally disgruntled toward Great Britain, so that, between damning the United States and singing "God Save the Queen," the Dominion labors under the impression that it behooves her to "keep her powder pans well filled," for she thinks that the Washington government and London are hand and glove, to the detriment of Canada.

Aside from her general jealousy, her bitterness over tariffs, the fisheries and the Alaskan boundary, Canada has a long list of grievances against the United States, for which she holds England partly responsible for being too yielding in certain negotiations between the two countries.

The peace negotiations of 1782-3, which resulted in the treaty acknowledging the independence of the Thirteen Colonies is the first event in the list of Canada's bitter pills. Today Canada is still muttering to herself:—"The ministry of Great Britain, careless of the future of Canada, yielded to every demand, abandoned the loyalists, and, after losing thirteen British colonies, in a fit of

unintelligible and unappreciated benevolence, gratuitously made the United States a present of sufficient British and Canadian territory to make nine and one-half more—thus adding to the lost and revolted colonies an additional empire of 351,000 square miles!"

Then, the treaty following the war of 1812, was a humiliating experience to Canada which she has never forgotten and from which she has never recovered. Then, to quote a wail of a Canadian historian of the present day, "the generosity of Great Britain further endowed the Republic with other large portions of Canadian territory and made aliens of other British subjects who had their homes there. During the war of 1812 the British forces and Canadian militia had captured and held possession of Maine on the east, and all of Michigan and the territory westward to the Mississippi. Great Britain's historic generosity restored all these conquered territories to the United States, as a peace offering, by the treaty of Ghent in 1814. Her peace offering was unappreciated, and she was afterward rewarded with the Maine and Oregon boundary disputes, and an insolent threat of war. By the Ashburton treaty of 1842 she ceded some millions of Canadian acres, and her officers, without any treaty authorizing the change, gratuitously added a strip of territory between the Connecticut and St. Lawrence rivers, over 150 miles in length. By a carelessly described boundary she lost large islands in Lake Superior and about 4000 acres of an isolated promontory on the Lake of the Woods; and by later indifference she allowed the diplomatic lawyers of the United

States to pry Canada out of several million acres of Oregon territory and good harbors in the Pacific of about six degrees of latitude; and by describing a line through a strait, in ignorance of Canadian localities, she was arbitrated out of the island of San Juan."

Canada is still harboring bad blood over the Fenian raids which fermented in this country. I have mentioned the fisheries controversy and the tariffs, notable among the latter being the Dingley tariff, all of which Canada is very sore over.

Canadian sentiment may be summed up as follows: "The acts of armed hostility and political unneighborliness on the part of the politicians of the United States, have, at the times, roused a spirit of resistance and anger—even to a threatened lex talionis—in Canada!"

Canada is our bitter foe; and instead of devoting herself to developing her own latent industries, she is continually reminding herself of what a great country she would be did she occupy the entire North American continent and keeping herself in a constant rage over her fancied grievances at the hands of the United States.

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